To Pass the Time

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To Pass the Time

by orphan_account

Summary

Will wants to find Hannibal. Hannibal wants Will to find him. While Will pieces together the clues to where Hannibal is he struggles to deal with Abigail's second death, but that all changes when he finds some else to take her place.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal Lecter

The rain hits his face like the emotion that shakes in his bones. An emotion Hannibal never felt before: regret. He remembers the first words they ever spoke, shuddering at the sound of Will's voice scratching against his skull.

"Tasteless." Mr. Graham responded to Jack's description of a killer.

"Do you have trouble with taste?" Hannibal asked genuinely concerned about Will's taste buds. He found himself intrigued by this witty man.

"Thoughts are often not tasty." Will spat. Hannibal watched the strands of Will's chocolate hair rub against each other allowing him to breathe in the light smell Mr. Graham's shampoo.

Hannibal steps over Mrs. Bloom broken body, he respects her but was never terribly attracted Alana. He sighs at his childish way of getting back at Will for what he did with Matthew Brown. Will. Will Graham. Hannibal tilts his head up to the open sky that spills tears of sorrow into his eyelashes and roll down his cheek like innocent tears. But Hannibal is not innocent. He stands there wanting to turn around, scoop Will into his arms, and take him off into the night, but Hannibal knows he cannot do that. He knows that he is what's wrong with Will's life. Hannibal breaks out into a sprint. Suddenly needing to put more space between him and Will. His hearts beats heavy with sadness in his chest and feels as though it might fly all the way back to his house and into Will's shaking hands. The tiny droplets of sweat that explode off his forehead blend with the rain as he nears the bus stop.

Will Graham

He's back in Garrett Jacob Hobb's kitchen and everything goes exactly the way it should. Will holds his gun in bloody hands pointing at Hobb's chest. The blood droplets that splatter on his glass begin to drip and cause him to blink. When Will opens his eyes he is in the same kitchen but Hobbs isn't holding Abigail. Hannibal is. He holds a beautifully rigid knife against her delicate swan like throat. The texture of the knife curves and juts just like Will's thoughts. The words Hannibal said rings in his head "We are her fathers now." The gun drops from his sweaty hands, landing on the floor like a useless toy. Hobbs appears behind Hannibal croaking."See, see". Will looks back at Hannibal only to see Abigail's blood fly as she falls to the ground with a thump like Will's gun. "Abigail!" Will coughs out with a sizeable glob of blood. Realizing Hannibal has slit his lower stomach. "Hannibal..." He whispers as Dr. Lecter slips his hand behind his neck telling Will he is forgiven. Abigail , Will thinks, Abigail .

"ABIGAIL!" Will screams, exiting the foggy nature of a dream. He sits up straight, pulling out the various pipes and wires attached to his body. A wave of pain shoots up to his brain making him nauseous and causing him to keel over in bed. The hospital cot creaks with pity. He winces, and examines the scar on his lower stomach. Will rolls over on to the right side of the cot trying to pull himself up but lands on the floor crouching on his wobbly knees. The cot groans, not approving of his actions. He pushes against the bed frame and manages to get up. His body shakes almost uncontrollably. Purple spots coat his vision but he must find Abigail. He exits the room at a speed faster than anyone in his condition should be moving and by the time he reaches the hall he has to grab the wall for support. The word Abigail leaks desperately from his lips as his eyesight teeter totters from black to the sterile hospital hallway. Suddenly he feels arms catching him, and pull him up before his whole world can turn gray.

"Where is she? Is she okay? I must see her." Will screams out.

"Sir you must go back to your-" Calmy says a young nurse.

"I am not going back until I see Abigail."

"Mister you are not physically or mentally ready to see her." Will's sweat plastered hair and green gown that barely covered his naked shaking body wouldn't allow for an argument against that so he grabbed the woman's throat opening his emerald eyes wide so she could see the deadness that lived inside them.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO ABIGAIL HOBBS!"

"She's dead."

Hannibal Lecter

He finds his seat next to Bedelia, who smiles at him sipping on expensive wine. Her smile wavers to a smirk has Hannibal takes his seat, silently congratulating him on his successful disappearance. Hannibal suppresses a sigh and returns a delighted look at the woman. He can’t help being frustrated by the fact that a toned man with too many dogs is not sitting by his side. Instead that space is filled by a little blond body with an interest in dissecting his brain for psychological advancement. He slowly allows his eyes to drop forming side ways cresntmoons on his flesh. After about an hour of sitting like this, he moves to allow Bedelia to go to the restroom. Hannibal hurriedly sits back down reaching into the deep pocket of his coat. He moves his long precise fingers until he grabs the soft fabric that lies at the bottom. He holds the green cloth to his nose breathing in scents of Will. His smile becomes genuine when he smells Will’s after shave that he refused to change even after Hannibal’s multiple suggestions. Hannibal shoves his possession back into his pocket when hears the clicking of heels approaching down the aisle. He pretends to be asleep when Bedelia returns causing her to hop over him. He can feel her soft stare on his cheek, otherwise she doesn't bother him and he has a peaceful flight.

As soon as Hannibal is off the plane in Italy he feels relieved. His long steps lead him quickly through the tube that connects the airplane the airport. He lets out a soft yawn that causes him to open his mouth wide. A light pink color blossoms on his cheeks because these things should never be taken care of in public. He finds his way to the men's room and looks into mirror. His cheekbones some how seem relaxed, his brown eyes are tired, and blond hair scattered over his head in a messy way that reminded him of Will's brunette locks.

Shortly after Hannibal exits the bathroom they a cab to their new home. Hannibal bought this house after all the stories Jack told him about him and his wife in Italy. It is a small cottage not too near anybody else but not to far away that it is suspicious. He can't wait to learn from some of the best cooks in world. He rolls down the window breathing in the cool air. God he hates America. From a distance he can see the garden that surrounds the house with lovely flowers shaded the most vibrant colors of purple and blue. The door is brown and simple but the rest of the building is pearl white with infinite swirls of complexity. When they arrive inside Hannibal walks up a flight of perfectly cut wooden stairs placing his suitcase in his room. He looks around at the empty closet and shelves that line the room then at the bed. It is designed for two. He bought it thinking of Will. Just down the hallway was Bedelia's room which resembled a place Abigail would be more interesting in sleeping in. He began to reach into his pocket when he remembers that he has left his coat down stairs. He descends the stairs to retrieve it when Bedelia motions for him to come sit next to her on the couch. Hannibal is tired from jet lag but Bedelia seemed not to be affected by it. Her blond curls bounce in excitement. She is in Italy with one of the most important men to psychological exploration ever. She could not be more thrilled to study his every move.

"We should do something memorable on our first night." She says to Hannibal. Her tiny legs fold under her as she sits seductively on the dark purple couch. Matching the dark purple color of her expensive skirt suit."I brought some of my finest wine from home." She reaches down between her breasts and pulls out a bottle opener. Then she gets up to look for some

glasses. "Looks like we will have to do some shopping, there are no glasses or silverware." She takes a sip from the open bottle then passes it to Hannibal. His face falls to a frown but he takes the bottle anyway. He needs to forget... Will.

It's been five minutes and the bottle is already empty. Hannibal slides his eyes over at Bedelia whose awfully bubbly. "Smile a little Hannibal." She says punching his shoulder. "We are free. You are free. You are free from the FBI, Jack Crawford, and your William Graham." The mention of Will's name draws Hannibals attention causing his shutting eyes to open. Eventhough he is thousands of miles away from him Hannibal can't help but feel as though he is not free from Will, the complete opposite actually. Every mile Hannibal puts between himself and Will the more he feels the attraction between them strengthening. If only he could send Will a message... But no it is too soon for those games. He settles back into the couch hearing the American classical music Bedelia has turned on. She begins to sway her slim hips tempting him to touch. For the second time he lets his boyish tendencies take over and grabs her hips pulling her small body towards him. Bedelia uses this opportunity to climb on top of him and begins licking the taste of wine out of his mouth. Hannibal doesn't deepen the kiss because there is no attraction under the surface. She slips her skirt off as easily as Hannibal could slip skin off a bone. Her blouse buttons fly away like bullet shells.

Will Graham

Will’s pupils move side to side behind closed eyes. He feels warm fingers spread between his. The hand is calloused but smooth and his original thought is Dr. Lecter but no. If it was Hannibal’s hand he would have to use his own to strangle him and stab Dr. Lecter repeatedly with… Will suddenly opens his eyes, looking over his shoulder into the deep brown eyes that do not leave his own.

"Matthew?" Will gasps. Instinctively he pulls his hand away from the Chesapeake Ripper's copycat killer.

“Will.” Matthew's perfect lips curve into the four letters. Will shifts sitting up in the hospital bed.

“How did you.. did you...uhh..”

“After healing from the shot I took, I’ve been going to regular appointments here. Each time I finish early and have to wait exactly five minutes and thirty four seconds in the lobby for my escort. The security is shit really, and I already know all the holes in it having worked there. I really could…” Will grabs Matthew’s face clashing his teeth against his shutting him up. Matthew closes his eyes tilting his head so he can stick his tongue down Will’s throat. He's slowly pulled onto the bed, until he's straddling Will. This reminds Matthew of their times in the Baltimore Hospital for the Criminally Insane. He would turn off all the cameras but leave Will’s handcuffs on. Will whines when Matthew breaks the kiss. “I must go now,” Matthew walks toward the door then turns back to Will’s puppy dog eyes. “Scars only heal when you allow them to breathe.” Looking down at the red scar on his lower abdomen, Will can't help but wonder why he is attracted to men who kill people.

Will blinks his eyes but that won't be the only shocking visit he gets today. He slowly eats the hospital food which is some how worse than the food he was allowed in prison. He guesses that is because Matthew gave him the best they had.

"Will Graham." Will looks up and meets eyes with someone he refers to as "the bitch". Her short blond hair and vulture eyes matches her bright red suit. Will sighs knowing that her showing up can't be good. He can't go back to prison, not when Hannibal is is still out in the world breathing and killing. "I know you and I have not gotten along in the past. We both have set ideas of what each other is capable of. I realize there is no way Hannibal will never be brought to justice without your help and with the state the Mr. Crawford and Dr. Bloom are in they will not be any help." She pulls her lips from a straight line to a forced smile. "The department has agreed to drop all charges being that it was an act of self defense. Brian and Jimmy will meet you in the next Monday at noon in the lab. But you are required to have regular meetings with your new psychiatrists Dr. Chilton." She walks to the door then turns before leaving. "And with your luck with psychiatrists, if this one turns out to be cannibal please tell me before you mutilate a body."

It is only a couple of more days until he is released from the hospital. On some of those days he sees Matthew for short fondlings that are well hidden under the chaos of the hospital. When he finally makes it home Will is welcomed home by a happy parade of dogs.

"WINSTON!" He screams taking the mutt into his arms, while the others crowd around him licking his face. Will has never cried because of anything but frustration before so these tears of joy are a surprise but not shameful after all the shit Hannibal did to him. The dogs trot closely near Will so it is hard to get through the door. But once he is through he wishes it had taken them longer when he notices the note tacked up against his fire place. A big red clock was drawn on it lopsided with the numbers written out of order. Underneath it reads:

Everything interesting happens at an early hour.

Remember when the raccoon climbed into your fireplace,

but there was no raccoon in there.

What do you see when you look in my eyes do you see hatred?

Do not forget the raccoon Will.

Please forgive me for your broken clocks.

Will's breath stops his feet lock into place. There is no disputing who it's from. *Is Hannibal still in Baltimore?* No. He would have been found by now. Will carefully removes the paper from the bricks and folds it placing it into his pocket. It might come in handy tomorrow when he started to look for this bastard.

Hannibal Lecter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal wonders if Will has seen his note yet, and suppresses a smirk. Will. Willy. William. Four letters that can make his pulse quicken and hands begin to sweat. Before he could even come near getting it up Bedelia had passed out on his lap, which he guesses is for the better. He leaves early that morning to go to the grocery store. Instead of going to the one down the street, he bikes to one on the other side of town. Hannibal wants ingredients for a certain recipe of beef that will take atleast a day to make the sauce. After about an hour he arrives at the store and finds everything he needs beside the spices for the tomato sauce. Hannibal walks up to the counter; a woman sits with her legs up where he is supposed to put his food. *How rude...*

"May I help you? " Asks the woman in Italian.

"Yes," Hannibal says trying his best Italian accent," I was wonder where you kept your spices."

"All the aisles are clearly marked for what foods they contain. Try reading and you'll figure it out." Before Hannibal can say anything the door opens and in walks a young couple holding the hands of a girl. The wheels in his head are turning it is about time he sends word to Will and did a little something for himself. Hannibal looks back at the cashier.

Two days later Hannibal sits across from Bedelia. He does not know why he hadn't noticed it before even though she always seems to have a bottle of wine next to her, but Bedelia is an alcoholic.

"This is delicious Hannibal." She licks the sauce off her lips as she swallows the bits of the savory meat.

"I'm glad you like it Bedelia. I wanted to inform you that I have found you a job... And a car." Hannibal recalls how later that night after gathering his ingredients he returned to the grocery store. *Placing his bike behind a tree, Hannibal stealthily glides to the front door, the clear plastic onesie he was wearing got in the way a bit but that was nothing he did not already expect. There was one car in the parking lot and after a quick look in the window he knew it's owner was rude. The woman was sitting at the counter just as she had been earlier her dark green apron hung loosely on the side of her chest, her hand held a smart phone to her ear, and her mouth was wide open letting out a sound that could be mistaken for many things but Hannibal guessed was a laugh. While she was distracted Hannibal expertly picked the lock on her car. Her car was small but messy. Hannibal was thankful that he had gloves on. He first looked in the glove compartment and only found a pack of cigarettes, and the cars manual. He began looking through the papers on the floor to find anything, something to justify her disappearance. Everyone has a reason to disappear. That's it! It made so much since why she had not left the store yet. Hannibal stared at the eviction papers in his hands. He looked back over at the girl who had already turned off half of the lights, a ring of keys*

dangling in her non cellphone holding hand. Hannibal had done some digging into the girls life earlier that day. Her name was Anna Maria Costa he knew that she lived alone and both of her parents were dead. She also was the owner of this small grocery store and sole employ... How convenient. Her long blond curls mirrored those of Bedelia and people rarely noticed differences between pretty blond faces. Most likely the person on the phone with her was a man Anna had met on the Internet. After plenty of stalking her tumblr, Instagram, and twitter Hannibal had realized all of her close friends moved to America and the boy she was talking to has never seen her in real life. Bedelia taking her place could be the perfect thing, she would stop bothering him for sex and other romantic outings and give him peace while he contacted Will. Hannibal climbed into the back seat of the car crouching low in the darkness waiting for Anna to finally leave the store. When she did, she locked the doors put on her seatbelt and turned on the car.

"Put the car in reverse, then park the car in the space on the other side of this lot." Hannibal calmly and confidently said in Italian. The poor girl jumped and began to turn her head around. "Do not look back." The girl's heart raced like the first time she kissed a boy but it didn't feel good. It felt more cold than warm like it was going to hop out of her throat. I guess it did eventually leave her body. Anna did what she what she was told.

"Look... I don't have much ....money and I don't know anyone who um does so I hope ..." Anna tried to sound strong but her voice came out in short bursts sounding cracked and small.

"It's not your money I'm after. It's you." Hannibal lifted his nose up breathing in the fear that radiates off of her shaking bones."Your existence is not necessary for this world. This is no place for the rude." With that the girl shrieked fumbling with the door handle. Hannibal reached his arm around the chair grabbing her lips with a cloth soaked with chloroform. He got out the car and opened the drivers side. Her limp arms fell out; he shifted it and put his hands under her waist pulling her up and out the car. His nose was not displeased by her smell. She smelt like fresh fruits and veggies. He carried her far into the forest where he found a hole he had dug earlier. He placed her inside, pulling out his scalpel from his back pocket. He places it directly below the sternum pressing into her pale skin, and sliding it across the rest of her abdomen. Blood bubbles up from the cut and dribbles down the sides of her body. Hannibal worked until he can pull the flesh back and see her slowing heart beats. He expertly removed her lungs and her kidneys.

"Here are the keys." Hannibal tosses the keys to Bedelia who just barely catches them. "Now you must excuse me I must make a phone call."

Chapter End Notes

More gore to come, Hannibal's only getting started.

Will Graham

Will wakes to the soft rumble of his iPhone on his nightstand. He rolls over ruffling his sloppy bed head and rubbing his sleep eyes.

"Hello." Will muffles out into his phone.

"Will, you should go to this crime scene. I'm texting you the address now. Also there are a lot of things we need to talk about regarding the... Lector case, especially since your taking the lead on this one." Will can hear Brian's sigh through the phone. This whole thing really began to weigh down in him when Bev was murdered. Just the thought of her body displayed mercilessly against the glass, only makes Will's rage towards Hannibal more blinding. Winston says good morning by licking Will's toes, smiling Will turns on his coffee pot. Then he throws on a black t-shirt, some ripped faded jeans, and his favorite green jacket. Shortly after he is shuffling out the door, mug in hand, to his car. Will arrives at the crime scene nearly awake.

"Hi Will." Jimmy greets him with his endless cheeriness that now seemed hollow and they both know what is missing. Brian simply nodds. They both step away from the door, allowing Will to do his thing. He opens the door and is immediately taken back by the blood. It coats the floor like a dark crimson rug. The chairs and dressers seemed to be on their own island. He carefully steps around the blood looking in the kitchen where the middle aged couple lay lifeless legs hung across the counter. They are the fifth couple murdered this week. This killing is different from the other ones. Will can see the foot prints made as the killer staggered and ran through the blood and another set of foot prints that were smaller than the first. At the other killing's there were no disturbances in the red puddles. Will closes his eyes and allows the moment to come to him.

I walk up to the door this couple is expecting company so they open the door without a thought. I tell them that I came to fix their kitchen sink. The husband sits quietly near the Tv as his wife shows me to the kitchen. She points to the faucet turning towards me. I already have the knife in my hand. I slice her throat down the middle allowing her a choked out cough before falling to the ground. Her husband didn't hear a thing, the swift feet of athletes running across the screen soak up his hearing . I lift her legs up on the counter propping up her head on a near by step stool. This allows for the blood to flow more quickly from her neck spreading over the white tiled floor like waves on a shore. It seeps into the cracks making it impossible for the floor to every fully be clean again. Then I wait until I hear the creak of her husband's chair and press myself flat against the wall. The husband rushes to his wife before he can see me. I rush to him hitting him over the head with one of the pots left out on the counter. I set him up just like his wife smiling at the blood that squirts from their necks like a child's sprinkler gushes hose water. I smile at mom and dad finally relaxing, finally being calm together.This is my design. But then I feel something hard against my head and I stumble forward; someone is screaming. I turn to see someone lash at me.. someone

younger..but I'm supposed to be the only child. This wasn't supposed to happen he told me this wouldn't happen my parents didn't-

Will opens his eyes with only one clear thought: Hannibal.

At the lab Jimmy and Brian have taken out the bodies of the other couples and the ones found today. They agree that our business about Hannibal could be taken care of tomorrow and that they should utilize this new possible evidence while it is fresh. No, Will did not believe Hannibal physically committed these murders but he does believe he is involved somehow. Will looks at the cut patterns on their necks and the way their cold skin glints in the artificial lab light. He observes how some of the body's have nasty stitches that lay on the edges of rough wound's that are jagged on their stomachs. Will instinctively brushes his own scar.

"We don't have to take this case because it does not pertain to-" begins Brian, annoyed.

"It does pertain to him. This killer must be one of his past patients." Will sighs. He the scratches his muddled head and thinks. Then he recalls Hannibals words don't for get the raccoon. "Hannibal's message will lie in what's inside the body or rather what's not there." Jimmy and Brian inform Will that the first victim had both kidneys missing and the second one was never opened by the killer no messy sewing marks and nothing was missing. The rest have various organs missing but it seems as if they were removed at random. There is no pattern. *Was this killer eating them? Or giving them to Hannibal to be eaten?*

On Will's way home all the body's bounce up and down in his head till he can find Hannibal. He can not keep his mind off of who had been at the crime scene. The couple had a daughter unlike any of the others. Will knows he must find her somewhere, she would be able to identify the killer, leading him only closer to Hannibal. He has some good ideas of where to look but he will wait til tomorrow. The endless blood sea that Hannibal spread wherever he went is somehow placed on Will's shoulders. In his head Will thinks about the first victim losing 2 organs ,the next one 0, after that two more... it made no sense unless... Five couples meaning ten victims which is the is enough digits to make a phone number... Could it really be that simple? Well either way it is worth a try. Will speeds home eager to punch the numbers into his iPhone. But when Will gets home calling the cannibal is the last thing on his mind. Will knows someone's there when all his dogs do not come to the door and he is only welcomed by Winston.

"Who's there!" He shouts into his house, half scared it's Hannibal, half hoping it is. Matthew Brown steps from around the corner. "What are you doing here.. I thought you were in.."

"I was but the they didn't have enough evidence on me. Only witnesses for attempted murder so I had a to spend a couple of months in prison before I got on parole and have to do a shit ton of community service. Also their are bigger birds to catch." Matthew wraps his arms around Will trying to smother him with a kiss. But Matthew is pushed away.

"Matthew you.. You have to understand.. I'm..." Was he really straight? After Alana cheating on him for his best friend who he had POSSIBLE romantic feelings for and is a FUCKING PSYCHO CANNIBAL he found it harder to be attracted to woman. But he isn't in love with Matthew actually this constant obsession annoyed him and no longer useful to him. He realizes that attraction to Matthew did not extend from the physical. Will has to be the one

who catches Hannibal and he does not need Matthew in his way. "I'm kinda busy with case work right now."

"Oh well I know just how to get your mind of those things." Matthew winks with his voice, his perfectly pink lips spreads to a smirk. Will cringes, trying to get the picture of Matthew laying naked on his bed out of his head. Not accepting this is one of the most disappointing things Will has to do today.

"Well I'll see you tomorrow." Says Will as he bounds up stairs to his room he knows Matthew will see him self out. Will jumps on his medium size bed like a highschool girl about to call her boyfriend.

Hannibal Lecter

Hannibal has been expecting this call for a while sitting by the fire place with a light cup of tea. It will be hours before Bedelia will wake and go to her new job at the grocery store. Before he had left the states Hannibal had bought one of those expensive smart phones with the small apple on the back. He honestly thinks looks more like a cherry than an apple. Hannibal bought it from a reliable source recovering an untraceable number. Having money and connections has it's bonuses. Hannibal stares at the buzzing phone as the name Will lights up across the screen. He did not need to make a contact for Will because he had long had his number memorized. On the third ring Hannibal picks up. Neither man says anything. Will hangs up. Then calls again, but again the two men speak in silence until the third call.

"Dr. Lecter." Will states. His voice hardening just like Hannibal.

"Mr. Graham." Hannibal tries to hide the excitement in his voice. He crosses his legs covering what he was sure he hadn't felt since the last night he embraced Will. Will has no idea what say there was so much so many people he has to avenge. He wants to scream but he didn't want Hannibal to hear him. He needs this to be face to face.

"Tell me where you are." Will growls with false effort.

"You know I can't say that Will. The FBI would be here in a matter of hours." Will considers telling Hannibal that they aren't listening to this call but he thinks better of it.

"I need to see you." Will gasps. It just slips out; he didn't mean to say it. His cheeks turn red and he wants to hang up but he can't let Hannibal go without finding out at least what continent he's on. Hannibal on the other hand has a huge smirk on his face. He knows Will will eventually find him.

"Well this has been a nice chat but I really must go." Hannibal can hear Bedelia showering upstairs.

"No. Hannibal wait!"

"I'll text you as a treat, since the FBI are not listening in." Hannibal hangs up. Laughing to himself at his pictures Will's shocked face. Honestly Hannibal could hear Will's dogs yapping in the back ground. But he can’t let go of the words Will had muttered in a blinding moment of emotion. *I need to see you.* Yes William I need to see you too, Hannibal thinks. *I need touch your skin… I need you too..*

Will Graham

“... close your eyes,” Matthew says to Will. He feels his hand being grasped by Matthew's strong smooth fingers. Will walks carefully as Matthew leads him up multiple stairs and down creaky hallways until he feels Matthew’s hand slip from his. Will reaches out trying to pull it back but he’s left swatting open air. A bit disoriented he opens his eyes to see a king size bed with a man laying on either side. Their arms stretch out toward Will, their eyes pulling him forward. Will's mouth fills with saliva; he could have never imagined a better picture than this. Throwing off his jacket he jumps in between Matthew and Hannibal on the bed. The bed creaks in excitement as Will finds himself sandwiched in his own dream threesome. Matthew licks ear, stroking his slightly muscular arm. Will can feel Matthews hips sliding against his back side. His body throbs begging him to turn around and pin the boy to the bed, but Hannibal forcefully presses his full lips onto his, grabbing him from all sides like darkness in an alleyway. Will soaks into him, allowing himself to become a part of that darkness. Hannibal begins to lick the back side of Will's teeth taking his brown hair in his hand and pulling it upward in an almost uncomfortable manner that some how excites Will more. The pressure of Matthew on his other side is diminished and Hannibal takes complete control over Will's body. Hannibal pushes Will to the other side of bed. Will lets a wine escape his throat in complaint. Hannibal only smirks and reveals the knife he had placed on the night stand. Will freezes in place and Hannibal uses this as an opportunity to get on top of Will pinning him to the bed. While straddling Will, Hannibal begins to slowly kiss him, starting at his neck and moving down his stomach. He uses the knife to gently trace Will's ribs. Will holds his breath not wanting Hannibal to stop touching him even if it may cause him more pain. Just as he reaches below the belly button Hannibal's ears turn up the sound of a phone ringing. He moves to retrieve it.

"No, don't answer. Don't stop." Will groans but he already is losing the sweetness of this dream. Will sits up straight not unlike when he found about Abigail. He's shaken by a wave a nausea. *What the Hell was wrong with him?* His phone vibrates again. He hates Hannibal! How could he still have dreams where he wanted to fuck him? Will knows that pure hatred lies on a thin line with deep love. Will reaches over to his nightstand and peers at the screen. He didn't put his name in the contacts because he couldn't stand the thought of it being there, but he recognizes the number. Hannibal's text reads:

Hannibal: *Good morning William. How is our dear friend Jack doing?*

The bastard. He isn't our friend he is only mine. Will still has not gone to see Jack and Alana, because he does not know what to say or if is he supposed to hide his emotions or paint them on. Will throws on gray sweat pants and a jacket over his boxers and tshirt. He grabs his keys and leaves his home without breakfast. Will must find this girl because she may be able to help find the killer and the killer will be able to Will where Hannibal is. Then when he finds Hannibal he will kill him, but not with a single swift bullet to the temple. Will keeps his face neutral as he drives past the house that had been a high importance crime scene only a day ago. The yellow tape flutters in the wind like the

American flag on a windy day. He stops driving when he hears the distinct bark of a dog. Will pulls his car over to the side of a short bridge that overlooks a small creek and a forest. Will makes his way around and over the railing. He slides down the rocks to side of the creek under the bridge. Once he reaches the bottom he can see where the forest splits and the sun rises from the earth.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" He's startled by the soft voice of a girl. He turns to find the person he has been looking for clutching a fat chiwawa that must have been mixed with something. It's orange coat was barely dirty unlike the girls filthy blue jeans and black shirt that seems to represent some type of band. Will glances at her dark skin littered with goosebumps. He finds himself staring into her shimmering brown eyes finding the deadness he sees everyday in his own. The only difference between her and the photo he had is her hair is dyed blue. Her curls are pulled back in a fizzy ponytail that rests at her shoulders. She reminds Will of Abigail, but Hannibal couldn't have possibly known that could he? Will covers his face trying to hold back his tears but allows a choking sound to bubble out of his throat. The girl puts the dog down and stands up to embrace the man. She pulls his hands away from his face. And turns him around to face the view of the sun rising. "Look at the sun." She says still holding on to him. The sky splits and blends into different shades of orange and yellow making something magnificent. "It is beautiful now but, later it’s light will become unbearable to look at. The again it it will fall and rise becoming something beautiful again. It repeats this everyday as you know, and that’s the way pain works." Her words are oddly put together but the comfort Will.

"My daughter..." he whispers,"she was murdered." Another pearl of sadness falls off his cheek.

"My parents were murdered." She says using all of her willpower not let this stranger see her cry. Will grabs her hand.

"I know. I've been looking for you. I'm with the FBI. I would like it if you came and stayed with me for a while. If you'd like I can show you my ID..." Will begins to fumble with his pockets, but the girl puts her hand on his.

"I don't need to see it. I can sense that you're a genuine person. Can Daisy come too?" Will can't help but allow a sloppy grin to form on his face.

"All strays are welcome a the Graham's residence." All three of them make their way to Will's car.

"Call me Blue." Says the girl in his passenger seat clutching her fat dog.

"Call me Will. May ask you something?" Blue nods her head yes. "Why did you dye your hair?" She obviously liked the color, but he was still curious about the drastic change. Blue looks away from him.

"I dyed it blue about an hour after I found my parents butchered in the kitchen," Blue closes her eyes sealing them shut."I only did it because when they were here they never let me do it and I thought-" She broke of there and did not continue to speak.

When they get to Will's house he looks through his closet for his smallest pair of faded jeans and a navy crew neck he used to love in high school. Will can't help but notice the scars that hide on the underside of her arms the were deep and emotional and he can see the red wetness of recent destructions. His dogs love Blue and her puppy Daisy. The dogs immediately surround them. Will shows Blue were his shower is, handing her the clothes.

"These should do till I can go back to your old house and get your things. Also I have to go out for a little while but be feel free to help yourself to whatever's in the fridge." He turns to leave but before he goes he hands her a small bottle of neosporin. Blue looks up at him. Will can see in her deadness and the realization of what his gesture means but he quickly leaves before she can say anything. Anyways he had to hurry up or he would be late to first his appointment with Dr.Chilton.

Hannibal Lecter

Click, click Hannibal's confidence in the disgusting redhead is not wasted as he scrolls down the front of the page of tattle-crime.com. The headline reads in big black letters: **Five Couples Mercilessly Murdered**. A smile splits his face the way a root separates dirt from grass. Hannibal is not suprised, everyone plays according to his rules. They are merely his puppets with strings colored bright red. All besides…. Hannibal drops his hand in his lap as his eyelids twitch. It is a picture of Will. The title of the article reads: **Crazies Back**, in the picture Will is frowning his forehead speckled with sweat as he exits a crime scene. Even after a hard day of work his beauty is still radiant. Will's hair is longer and Hannibal notices the scuffle that erupts longer than usual. Scanning the page, he notices a particular sentence: *Mr. Graham will be required to have a regular visits with his new psychiatrist Dr. Chilton*. Hannibal's hand form fist next to the screen; he can barely allow the thought of Chilton forcing his pudgy fingers into Will's complex mind. Something will have to be done about this. Hannibal swipes into his phone and opens the conversation he started with Will last night. Will hasn't responded but the message clearly reads: *seen at 10:02 pm.* Hannibal begins to slowly poke at the letters on the slender screen of his Iphone.

Hannibal: *Give my best wishes to his wife. Maybe she should go see a new psychiatrist to deal with her cancer and her husbands new condition… Hey you could take her with you to Dr.Chilton. ;-)*

Hannibal adds one of those ridiculous winky faces and smiles at his childishness as he waits again without response. He decides to type until William acknowledged him.

Hannibal: *Has the shot on his face healed? Certainly his scar is dull when compared to the one that lies across your stomach. I'm sure your's is what they call "bad ass". ^.^*

Will: *Hannibal! Stop spewing nonsense and tell me where you are! Stop avoiding this, we need to settle this face to face man to man.*

Hannibal: *Oh dandelion this has already been settled. You ought to know by now that each word I say is carefully chosen. I've already told you where I am.* :-*

Will: *Hannibal stop this is so weird you shouldnt be using emojis!*

Will Graham

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"How are you doing today Mr. Graham?" Dr. Chilton says as he leans back in his fluffy brown spinny chair causing the piles of paper on his desk to shift.

"Fine." Will mumbles his leg bounces uncontrollably showing his desire to leave. He just wants to go home and to be able to think about what Hannibal said, and has a good idea where to...

"I see you checking your phone a lot. A new girlfriend I presume?" Will's cheeks reddened. The smirk on Chiltons face shows that he has no doubt this is true and Will is glad he will not have to come up with something else more complicated to please him. "Tell me about her."

"Well she has short dirty blond hair and deep brown eyes rarely allow me to view under the surface." It isn't totally a lie, Hannibal could fall under that description. " but I'm guessing that's not why I'm here. I know you want to know more about Hannibal and you believe that from observing me you will find out where he is and capture him before I do." Chilton shifts in his chair creating an awful speaking sound. He's choosing his words carefully.

"Well he did put a bullet in my face and left a bloody mess all over my kitchen. I want to see him arrested as much as you do." But Chilton is wrong, Will could careless if Lecter is arrested he just wants Hannibal dead and he wants to be the one to choke the life out of him. He wants to be the last thing Hannibal sees before he enters the eternally darkness of the Hell he has created for himself. Then Wills phone begins to ring. He looks at Chilton then answers it.

"Hello William. It's been a while. How are your doggies? I'm sure they miss me."

"What do you want Mason?"

"I want you to help me find Dr. Lecter. There will be a lot of money involved. HEY MARGOT COME OVER HERE ITS FOR EX BABY DADDY ON THE PHONE!" Will can hear the faint sound of a *fuck you* in the back ground.

"I'm not interested in your money." No amount of anything would please Will more than being the end to Hannibal's horrid life. Even thought of his blood running down Will's fingers is utterly priceless. "I have to go I'm in a meeting." Will hangs up.

"Who was that?" Spits Chilton.

"Mason Verger."

"Oh anyways, do you remember the first time you and Dr. Lecter..." Will blocks out the remaining session. He pities Chilton but no matter how you look at him the dude is an

asshole.

When Will finally gets home he remembers this morning and the girl he has taken in. He takes a few moments to collect his thoughts. Hannibal said he had already told him where he is. *Is the location in the note he left him or the bodies that were chopped up?* He will question Blue about the killer tomorrow, but he doesn't want to put too much pressure on the girl, maybe they could go out and get ice cream or something and pizza. Will opens his front door expecting to find a 15 year old girl laying on his couch, but instead she is on the floor surrounded by his dogs and a man lounges on his couch. The sight of the girl with the dogs makes him smile but slowly fades as he locks eyes with the man lounging on his couch.

"Matthew what are you doing here?" Will starts to get angry.

"I came to check up on you. I didn't realize you had company." Matthew's confidence never seems to falter.

"Oh um well this is Blue."

"He knows who I am Will. How was your meeting?" Asks Blue with a smirk.

"It was boring as fuck."

"William! Watch your language in front of children." Matthew blurts jokingly, throwing a smirk at Blue. Will does not miss the quick looks out of the corner of their eyes at each other. Blue might just be able to solve yet another problem Will has.

"I'm not a child." She laughs. She isn't . That part of her died along with her parents and her natural hair color.

"Well it's getting late and I have an early morning tomorrow. So I'm going to go to sleep." Says Will.

"Don't you want dinner? Matthew brought some vegetable fried rice and honey chicken."

"No I'm fine." Will heads to his room, closes the door, and strips down to his boxers. He probably should have made sure Matthew left and Blue was comfortable but his head is too muddled with thoughts of how to find Hannibal. Laying his bed he can hear the ring of laughter coming from his living room. He puts the pillow over his head trying not to let his feelings crawl up out of his stomach and take Mathew away from Blue and into his bed.

He wakes early in the morning from a dream he can't remember if he actually had. He stumbles from his room to the living room where he watches Blue leaning her head on Matthew who has his muscular arms around her. They are adorable. He quickly runs to get his phone and take a picture. He feels a pinch of jealousy and he isn't sure if it's because of Matthew or of their situation. He knows he should probably stop this from happening. He can't trust Matthew with this girl, she's underage and he's on parole and no sensible adult would let a 15 year old girl have a somewhat sleep over with a boy. He goes the kitchen, pours himself some water and goes back to bed.

The next time Will wakes is when he hears footsteps in his living room. He follows the sound till he reaches the couch where Blue is still sleeping, daisy curled around her feet. Matthew slowly removes himself from under her and stands up. When Matthew looks at him he can feel the cool air on his bare legs and the clingy suction of his boxers. Will scratches a tender spot behind his ear and winces, as Matthew laces up his shoes giving Will a perfect view of this toned booty. Was Matthew intentionally trying to make him regret rejecting him?

"You should go." Will says. He knows that Hannibal is the only one who can feed his hunger and his death is the only thing that will satisfy his stomach. "Wait actually can you do me a favor?" Matthew nods his head. "Can you go to her house and pick up some of her clothes please?"

"Sure thing William." Will thinks he should say something about him sleeping next to Blue, but just ends up squinting his eyes making sure Matthew knows that he's suspicious of his intentions. Matthew only laughs. "I always thought that the early bird gets the worm until I met you Mr. Graham you ignored the juicy worm you could have received and went after a much more difficult worm to catch." And with that Matthew left. The air from the door opening wakes Blue. He smiles at her as she rubs her sleepy eyes and her tight blue curls spill over her face. They decide on eggs and waffles for breakfast. Will flips the waffles as Blue scrambles the eggs. He always wonders how it would be like to have children but Abigail's multiple deaths had left the thought cold in his mind until now. He likes this girl. He wants to make her go to school and take walks with her and the dogs, teach her how to fish, and yell at her when she stays out too late. He wants to do everything he failed to do for Abigail. When they both are sitting across from each other at Will's small dining room table she begins to speak.

"Where's Matthew?" Blue asks throwing Will a little of guard. Maybe he will start out with yelling at her for trying to date an older boy.

"He's getting some clothes from your house, and you know he's over 18 right? That means..."

"I know," She looks down at her yellow eggs and shifts them around with her fork."but no boy has ever given me that much attention before. Only girls and I've gotten bored of them soo yeah." She looks up at him. He's surprised by her openness to him and realizes that most kids would never tell their parents these things but Will wasn't her parent.. Yet. Hell he didn't even look like her parent she is black and he is white.

"Well I wanted to talk to you about certain arrangements. For you to stay here I will have to become your legal guardian. That is if you want to stay here. If you don't then we can try contacting your other relatives so if they will take you in."

"No I like it here, and they are all dead to me now anyways." She looks away fighting back tears she knows will come. Will already done with his breakfast walks around the table to comfort the girl pulling her up into his arms. He strokes her tangled curls grateful of her choice, forgetting all about Hannibal and how he most likely will not make it out of this one alive but for now he has someone who needs him. Matthew finds them like this. Will catches his eye but Matthew looks away quickly setting a purple duffle bag on Will’s couch. Blue turns around her face instantly lighting up when she sees Matthew. Will takes notice of the way Matthew scans up her body as if trying to imagine her without sweats on, but he doesn't

do anything about it just yet. He is pretty sure Matthew wouldn't try to pull something on a 15 year old girl. Blue goes to take a shower and change into her clothes leaving Matthew and Will standing in the room alone. Will decides he should say something about Matthew's obvious interest in her.

"She's 15. You need to leave. I have to go into the lab today and I don't have time to babysit you two."

"I'm well aware of her age Will , and it's exactly why she should not be left her alone especially after what happened to her and those open scars..." Will sees a glisten in Matthew's eyes that he doesn't often see. He can tell Matthew truly does care for this girl he just met and that the scars that cover her arms really do bother him.

"Fine you can stay just don't..."*touch her*..."make me regret my decision on letting you stay." Matthew smiles.

Chapter End Notes

What do you think about Blue? I know she's not an original character, but I really liked Abigail's roll and felt as though she was dead to to many of the characters to resurrect.

Hannibal Lecter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The days were dulling without Will. Murder is meaningless after a while if no one is chasing you. Bedelia is rarely home, either at the grocery store or with her new boyfriend. Not that she would be good company anyway. Hannibal just wanted Will. He is a very impatient man. Sitting back in the soft arm chair in his living room, he grabs the business cards that he has acquired over the weeks he has been here. A few cards interest him, but he knows he must have the very best for Will. He will prepare the most delicious dinner for him and then maybe they could be back on friendly terms? Hannibal had not realized how much he would miss Will when he decided to stab him and attempt to kill all of his friends. He did not want alienate himself Will but he was mad. More angry than he ever allowed himself to get before. He never had anyone that close to him before only maybe Bedelia but Will was different. Hannibal puts his face in his hands. It is almost nightfall and he can feel the metal knives like cold fingers press against the side of his pocket. He does not know what Will will do when he finds him, but he is sure it will be one Hell of a show. He did not care much if the police realized these citizens were missing and suspect a killer because he knows Americans do not pay attention to any news but there own. He stands up grabbing his black beanie and black bag then wanders off into the night.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I'm trying to regulate the lengths of chapters and it's not working but there should be lots of blood in the next Hannibal chapter :)

Will Graham

Will has had it. He knows he is overlooking something and that Hannibal's where abouts are on the edge of his tongue. Just like a branch barely out of reach of a giraffes long neck. Will waits a while in a stuffy office where he has to sign a series of papers for Blue's adoption. To keep himself from getting bored he opens the web page to Freddie's disgusting website. He sighs when he sees his name appearing on the front page again. As he scans the document his cheeks redden and his head begins to go fuzzy with rage. The sloppy tabloid words clearly read: *Along his search for the Chesapeake Ripper Will has acquired a new Abigail Hobbs. The girls parents were also senselessly murdered and Will...* As soon as he is done with signing the papers he takes his car to her small apartment. He bangs his fist hard on the door. When she doesn't answer he turns the knob and enters the unlocked door. Her apartment walls are a deeper shade of red than her hair. It's dark but he sees a light on in the kitchen and the shaking movements a shadow disappearing into the darkness of the Hall.

"Freddie you promised you wouldn't write anything about Abigail!" He screams as he turns the corner rage pooling over but slowly deflates to red hot embracement on his cheeks. Freddie sits with her legs spread apart on her kitchen counter her head thrown back and let's out a loud moan. Margot Verger's head bobs up and down in between her thighs. She turns when she hears will exposing Freddie's lower red hair.

"What the fuck!" Freddie exclaims crossing her legs.

"You...Um left your door open." He says scratching his head. Freddie only glares at him while Margot has a smug amused look in her eyes.

"What the hell do you want!" Freddie demands she's already slipped back into her crisp blue jeans. Margot doesn't bother getting dressed and allows her breast to stay exposed in Will's timid sight. He notices the long scar that splits her stomach and tries not to dwell on how the incision got there.

"You made a promise to me that you would never mention Abigail Hobbs in any of your writings! And I came here to tell you to delete the article." Will turns his embracement back to rage, and waves clenched fist in the air.

"The article is not about Abigail it is the about the girl you have just taken in." Freddie sneers.

"Fuck," he says and sighs,"please just take it down." He looks at Freddie and he wasn't sure if this approach would appeal to her because it had nothing interesting to include her story. Margot grabs Freddie's leg getting her attention.

"Freddie I think we could fulfill his requests on certain conditions." She smiles devilishly at Will, her calculating eyes knowing more than she should. Freddie looks down at Margot. Will can tell she is annoyed that Margot hasn't clothed herself and she obviously does not know who Margot fucked to receive that ugly scar from her brother.

"Fine." She says rolling her eyes. "But you have to tell me all you know about the Chesapeake Ripper's wear abouts and an exclusive interview about the night he left. Also what ever she wants." Freddie flings her hand in Margot's direction. Margot smiles.

"I want you take my brother with you to find Hannibal and make sure he never comes back." She says slyly. Will's not surprised but would it be worth it, to keep Abigail's and Blue's names and faces out of the media? Yes, he thinks and at least he wouldn't have to deal with Mason anymore if Will makes it back to the States alive anyway. He will make it back because if he can survive Hannibal once he can do it again. He looks up suddenly realizing Margot isn't done with her demands." Also Will come here." She stretches her arm wide her breast bounce lightly up and down on her chest. Will looks at Freddie whose eyes seem to dissect him, there's a burning in them that matches the color of her flaming hair. He does what he's told crossing the tiled kitchen floor over to Magrot. She stands up meeting his tired eyes with her pessimistic ones. Freddie stands next to the counter throwing her lover a questioning look. Will's hands begin to shake and he places them in the pockets of his jeans; he knows all too well what she wants. Will is surprised at how curious he is about this situation. Margot grabs the zipper of his hoodie exposing his bare chest and jagged scar. Freddie only watches as it clicks what her lover desires to try. Margot grabs both of their arms pulling them both straight into Freddie's king sized bed.

Will is extremely late to work. He wasn't expecting all of that to go down today and it was strangely pleasant... Well if anything done with Freddie Lounds could be pleasant. He walks into the lab expecting to see Price and Zeller leaning over a decaying body and there is that but there is also someone he didn't expect. It is Bella, Jack's wife, he feels an immediate pang of guilt from not visiting him or Alana in the hospital out of fear of losing himself. Maybe if he wasn't so ashamed of himself it might have realized where Hannibal is hiding and avenged the injuries his friends have suffered.

"Will! Where have you been?" Brian makes no effort to conceal his anger from Will. He only wants to catch this fucking bastard now. His hands are full of scabs from the roses he picked for Bev this morning, and his tear stained eyes can barely close.

"Um... Sorry I had some business to take care of with Freddie Lounds.... and the papers for adopting Blue." He held his breath hoping to not have to go into detail.

"Okay fine. Bring her tomorrow so we can question her about the current killer. If you're right he'll lead us to Hannibal and if you're wrong..." Brian trails off not wanting to think about Will being wrong, but to be honest that isn't what he is really worried about. He is worried about Will not being completely truthful with them on what he knows about Hannibal. Jimmy senses Brian's mood and suggest they take a break. Will sees them share a lengthy hug in the window and smiles as they walk away holding hands. Turning his attention to Bella he recalls Hannibal asking about her.

"So um what are you here for?" Will asks.

"I'm here because I want to find Hannibal Lecter and rip is lungs out with my bare hands leaving them just attached enough to feel the vultures that will pick at him till all he is is a bloody stump." She is completely bald now and her frail body curved over but her eyes shine like two bright suns of pure disgust. "And I realize that you're the only one who can find him

and get close enough to even see him. Not these two they are smart but worn down." Will says nothing and looks at the floor. He already has Mason accompanying him he did not need anymore people.

"No sorry Jack wouldn't want you to get involved." Bella slams her fists down hard on the metal counter.

"I'm already involved! I'm just as involved as you or Jack!" Will's eyes dart back and force. Jack, Bella, Jack ,Bella, Hannibal? The Ping pong game is mind slows to a stop, as he slaps his hand to his face. I'm so stupid.

"Bella, tell me about you and Jack."

"Like what..."

"I don't know where did you guys meet."

"Well me and Jack meet in Italy. When..." That's it! That has to be where Hannibal went.

"Bella. I can take you with me just promise not mention that to anyone else."

"I don't understand? Hannibal's in Italy? That bastard. Fine. We should leave in two days that should be enough time for you to be ready to go." That gave Will just enough time to find out exactly which town Hannibal is hiding in and relax for a bit in his home.

Will Graham

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After his discovery in the lab Will has to meet with the principal of the public high school near his house. The principal tells him that Blue can start in two days and prints out her schedule mirroring the one from her former school. This pleases Will because he will be able to take her to her first day back to school before he has to face Dr. Lecter. Will still has to call Mason before he can go home and book a flight. He still isn't sure if he's right about Hannibal's whereabouts, but Jack often talks about his time in Italy with his wife and there was no other reason for Hannibal to mention Jack or his wife and not Alana. Maybe Will should visit them before he faces the devil...

Will's call with Mason isn't long and shortly after he's home. When he steps inside he is instantly welcomed by the delicious smell of a home cooked dinner and his dogs. Will bends down and strokes them whispering *I'll miss you guys so much when I'm gone*. For the first time today he allows a smile to split his face as he follows the delightful smell into his kitchen. He watches as Matthew takes a chicken out the oven and Blue cuts carrots for a salad. Matthew asks for a paper towel and Blue gives one to him. He returns the favor with a pink kiss against her brown cheek. She smiles at him awkwardly then notices Will standing in the the doorway.

"Will!" She exclaims, dropping the knife to go and give him a hug. "How was work?" Will was grateful for the hug. He misses Abigail terribly but never felt very appreciated by her.

"It was alright… I'm going to have to take a trip in a couple of days. But I should be here for your first day back to school." Blue moves away from him returning to her carrot cutting. Matthew begins setting the table but stops and looks at Will when the words finish dropping off his lips.

"How long are you going to be gone?" Blue asks coldly. Will is a little shocked by the chill he gets from her words, especially after her warm welcoming.

"Um.. I'm not sure.." Will can feel Matthew tense up; he knows exactly what Will is planning to do. Blue must have some idea also because her chopping becomes faster and more reckless.

"So where is this place you're going or are you not sure about that either?" Will allows the silence to seep in giving her all the answer she needs.

"William I am going with you." Matthew states.

"No Matthew. I already have Mason and Bella flying with me. I don't need anyone else it just has to be me versus him."

"Neither of them can help protect you from that fucking psycho!" Matthew screams letting spit fly from his lips on to a folded napkin.

"Well it's not like you could help me the first time." And once Will says it he wishes he could take it back. He quickly turns his head to Blue when he he hears a whimper bubble out her throat. His attention is immediately drawn to the blood leaking out of the fleshy part of her thumb. Matthew is already next to her placing her hand under the water flowing from the sink. The cut is deep and Will can see her bone.

"Will you can't die." She cries.

"That's enough cutting for how."Matthew whispers softly in her ear." Let's go for a walk." There was no way for them to tell if it was on accident or on purpose.

"No." She says breaking from his grasp and meeting Will's eyes. "Will please. Please don't go. At least let us go with you."

"No you have to stay here and go to school and be normal highschool student." Will began to walk to his room but stops and says. "Tomorrow we will go to the lab together, my colleagues want to question you about your parents killer." Will exits the room but from the corner of his eye he watches Blue sink into Matthew. He grabs her hand and kisses the new cut, her rosy blood staining his pink lips.

Will does not want to leave Blue or Matthew for that matter. But he knows that he can not risk them getting hurt by Hannibal anymore than either of them already has. He goes to sleep with his stomach grumbling for the roasted chicken his friends made. The next day he wakes up to the another delicious smell. He walks past his couch that is unfolded into a bed. The messy sheets are cold, but he can clearly see the forms of two bodies that had rested there. He is worried about allowing Matthew to stay with Blue while he's gone but what other choice does he have? He enters the kitchen to find Matthew and Blue sitting at the table eating waffles. They even set up a plate for him. His stomach begins making dying whale noises that break the silence. Blue giggles and syrup dribbles out her mouth, somehow Will finds this adorable.

"Good morning Blue." He says hoping she forgave him.

"Good morning Will." She is already dressed in a black nirvana tank top and dark blue skinny jeans that crowd up above her doc martens. He smiles digging her style.

"I was wondering if today you would like to go fishing with me?" She smiles at this.

"But William I don't know how to fish!"

"Don't worry I'll teach you, it will be really fun you'll love it." He isn't so sure she will or why she is being really nice to him again. Soon Blue and Will get up to go to the lab leaving Matthew with the dishes and the dogs. Once there in the car Will begins to speak. "I'm really sorry about yesterday, and I want you to know that you can talk to me about anything."

“It’s fine. I just over reacted. I just don’t want to lose you like I lost my parents and I know I haven’t known you for that long, but you, Matthew, and your dogs have been more of a family to me than anyone else has.” Will smiles and squeezes her uninjured hand.

When they get the lab, Will has Blue sit on a bench outside while he goes in to talk to Brian and Jimmy.

“Can you guys do me a huge favor?” The both nod their heads with uncertainty. “Can you look after Blue for a couple of days? I just need sometime to myself to think over this stuff and I’m sure I’ll come back knowing exactly where Hannibal is.” Jimmy and Brian both agree. Well Jimmy agrees but Brian is somewhat reluctant. “Oh and one more thing she doesn't know she is staying with you two yet so please don’t tell her.”

Once Blue is comfortable in the interrogation room Will logs into one of the agencies computers. He calculates in his head the date and around the time Hannibal had left that night. Will must have some sort of luck because the only flight from Baltimore Airport to Italy is to some small town he never heard of before. He then clicked to flights leaving to that destination tomorrow and booked a flight for himself and sent the information to Bella and Mason. The only unfortunate thing is that the plane leaves at 3:40 so he won’t be able to pick Blue up from school. He quickly logs out but not before he notices that their where two fake pass ports discovered on the plane Hannibal took. *Interesting...*

Chapter End Notes

> The pattern is broken 1) because Hannibal does not have much to do with out Will 2) because the chapter I wrote about him is just blah and 3) Will has become the main character. I think Hannibal might have one or two more chapters in the story depending on if it ends the way I plan or not, so expect mostly Will's POV from now on.
>
> P.S. don't be surprised there is a chapter from a different character's POV!

Will Graham

Will Graham doesn't regret his choices. He can't allow himself too. Will drives all of five minutes to Blues new school and gets out of the car to hug her goodbye. It's silent but silence always did mean more than words to Will. Next he drops her clothes off at Jimmy's house, reminding him that she needs to be picked up at 3:20. Then he drives back to his house, stuffs a couple of things in his green duffle bag, and takes the dogs for a long walk until one. Will even drops by the hospital but he finds out that both Jack and Alana are asleep and he is secretly thankful.

He meets Bella and Mason at the airport. Mason's true face is hidden behind a plastic mask that looks like something a kid would wear trick or treating. His body guard is there, which makes Will slightly uncomfortable, but he relaxes when Mason pays for them to skip the long line of customs and security. They are about 30 minutes early when they are fully inside the airport. Will buys himself another bottle of advil and some gum. His fingers brush along the magiznes but not a single one sparks his interest. As he's walking back to sit with Bella and Mason his phone begins to ring. It's Brian.

"Hello Brian." Will says swallowing some advil dry.

"Hey Will. We couldn't find Blue, so we went to the office and they said that someone picked her up early…" What? The only one who would pick her up is Matthew, unless Hannibal... Will jumps when he feels a cold tongue on his ankle. He spins around tangling himself in a bunch of dog leashes.

"WINSTON? What the f…" He slowly looks up to see a smiling Blue and frowning Matthew standing in front of him. "Blue.. Matthew..I told you.. How did you know where?"

"You left your email up on your computer at home."Matthew says. Dang it. shit. fuck. He does not want them to get hurt. Will wants to question them more and he wants to punch Matthew for letting Blue come along. But it is time for them to board and honestly he is just happy they brought his dogs. The three of them find seats next to each other Matthew taking the window, Blue the middle and Will the aisle. He knows Mason is somewhere in first class but he isn't sure where Bella is. He hasn't been on a flight this long since he was little. It gives him time to think about exactly what he wants to with Hannibal when he finds him. After three hours he still can't make up his mind, maybe its just a spur of the moment thing. He needs somesort of entainment but when he looks over for someone to talk to Blue is asleep with her head leaning against Matthew's shoulder.

When they land. Will realizes they only booked three rooms. Mason his disgusted by this and quickly upgrades to a bigger sweet so they have an extra room. Meaning someone would have to share. Bella excused her self to a room. Her eyes are sunken and Will fears the cancer has worsened. One of the other rooms has twin beds and Will announces that him and Blue will sleep in that room leaving Matthew with a lonely king size bed. Matthew frowns but doesn't say anything. Will has to sleep off the jet lag but wakes to his grumbling stomach. He slides into some sweat pants and heads outside to find something to eat. A couple blocks

down he finds a small grocery store. He goes inside hoping to find hopockets or something he can warm up for dinner. Will can't read the Italian signs and goes to the cashier for help. When he gets to the front of the store the cashier is making out with a blond man in a wrinkled suit, her hand grasping his flat ass. Annoyed Will begins to pace and that's when he recognizes the woman. He bolts out the door and all the way back to the hotel. He locks the door to his room pressing his back against it and sliding to the floor. *That little bitch* he mutters under his breath. *He couldn't get me to come with him so he took her instead* that's when Will began to manically laugh. Blue sits up in bed and stares at him with wide eyes.

"What's wrong with you?" She asks innocently, coming over to him and sitting down infront of him. Her chin rests on one knees as she faces him, her blue hair pulled back into a messy bun.

"He's here." he says because that's all he has to say.

Blue

Blue is nervous. An emotion she is used to, so in some weird way she feels safe. She buttons up her plaid shirt, satisfied by the way it covers her scars. Her hair sits in a tangled mess up on her head and she slowly picks it out until it it frames her face and the curls brush just be below her shoulders. She smiles even though the blue is fading it doesn't change the fact that she still in love with the color of her hair. She steps out the bathroom expecting to find a timid Will but instead she finds a confident Matthew.

"You're going to do exactly what he tells you right? And not differ from the plan at all." Matthew says sternly and Blue nods her head. She is the only one suitable for the job being that she is the only one the people that Will is looking for will not recognize. "I just don't want to see you getting hurt okay." He says pulling her in for a hug. She sinks into him resting her head on his shoulder. Blue wants to kiss him but right when she gets up the courage to do so she hears the sound of someone clearing their throat. She turns to find Will standing in the doorway.

"Listen Blue you do not have to do this if you don't.." Begins Will.

"I want to." Her face darkens anyone who can hurt Will that much does not deserve to live and if that man had anything to do with the murder of her parents there is no way in heaven or hell would she not help him met his end. Blue follows Will out of the Hotel. He points some directions to her then hands her his iPhone.

"If anything goes wrong just call Matthew's number and don't forget not go anywhere with Bedelia. We don't know how much she knows or what she's capable of." Blue nods again as Will squeezes her shoulder. She can tell he can't stand to lose her as well as his real daughter Abigail and that only gives her more determination to complete her mission even if it doesn't follow allow of the guidelines Will had set for her...

Blue walks into the small grocery store heading straight for the check out but stops when she notices that no one is there. That's when she decides to walk down the frozen foods aisle hoping to find some ice cream while she waits for the owner of the store to return. She feels a buzzing in her back pocket and she remembers Will gave her his iPhone. She pulls it out thinking its Matthew but instead it is a number she doesn't recognize.

Are you close? I'm getting bored of waiting so long for you.

Blue wonders if it's a wrong number and puts back into her pocket. But her search for ice cream is interrupted again.

Don't ignore me William I know you read my message.

This is definitely not a wrong number. Blue isn't dumb, she knows that this person is most likely the person that has been causing Will all this pain, the person they're all trying to find. But in a split second of stupidity she taps in a response.

The wait is almost over.

Blue jumps when a hand is rested on her shoulder and turns to face a the blond woman she's been looking for. She quickly stuffs the phone in her front pocket.

"Hello, can I help you find anything?" The woman asks. "Oh and I like your hair by the way." Blue returns the woman's smile.

"Um well I was wondering where your ice cream is..."

"Oh it's right over here. What kind would you like?" She points at a variety of treats none that I recognize.

"Which would you suggest?"

"Well you look like an ice cream sandwich kind of girl." She hands Blue the rectangular treat that resembles something similar to the U.S. sweet. Blue cocks an eyebrow and follows her to check out. Blue bites her lip not sure how to get the information she wants. "So where are you from?"

"America." Blue responds happy for the easy topic of residence. "How about you?"

"I used to live in America. How long are staying here?"

“Umm.. I don’t know a month maybe.. My parents like to travel.”The lies spill easily from Blue’s lips. She never understood why people feel so bad about lying when it is necessary to get by. She glances up at the woman who only smiles at her and she wonders how someone so friendly could be associated with someone so evil.

“Hey you know us Americans should stick together. It’s getting kind of lonely because no one here really speaks english. I can show you around if you’d like. My shift is almost over, and we'd have to stop by my house first.” A smile spreads across Blue’s face as she realizes that her plan will work and easily dirguards Will’s warnings of not to go anywhere with the woman.

“Oh and I’m Bedelia by the way.”

Hannibal Lecter

Hannibal carries the last body to his basement. He’s proud of the quality of the meat he’s gathered for Will’s arrival. Each body was selectively chosen to make the tenderest most mouth watering meal. He places the body down next to the others and carefully cuts up his victims pants leg to the top of their white dress shirt. After removing the clothing Hannibal begins the tedious task of skinning the flesh. Fortunately his past career as a surgeon allows this task to be as easy as untying shoes. A smile seeps on to his lips just like the blood seeping onto his latex gloves. Once all of the skin from the lower calf is gone he slices down the side of the pink flesh and slips it right off the bone. Then he places the meat into a silver bowl and then goes about removing the liver. When he has completely removed all the worthy organs from the bodies he takes the meat up stairs to begin preparing a lovely super. He seasons the meat and turns the oven on getting ready for the long proseess of cooking a more than decent dish. Hannibal's ears twitch at the sounds of keys turning in the front door followed by two sets of footsteps. His eyes narrow as he doesn't know how many times he has told Bedelia not to bring her filthy boyfriend into his home. But when he turns around its not her boyfriend that accompanies her but a blue haired black girl.

"Who is this?" Hannibal asks clearly adjated.

"Oh this is.... Umm what's your name?" Bedelia looks at the young girl.

"Blue." She says. Her lips straightening in a flat line. Hannibal does not enjoy the way she keeps looking at him and wants her out of his house as soon as possible.

"This Blue she's from America and I thought it is a reilf to find someone else who speaks English. I'll be right back. I just want to change out of my work clothes." Bedelia's heels click away and Hannibal is left with a vaguely terrified Blue.

"Sit." He says and she does as she's told. Blue begins to fiddle with her phone over the table. She wants desperately to call Will and tell him where his devil is but she doesn't know how to with raising suspicion. Hannibal takes a deep breath no matter the obvious differences this girl reminded him a lot of Abigail and what he feels for her. "So where in America are you from?" Blue thinks quick.

"Florida."Hannibal has no reason not to believe her but feels as though it is no coincidence that this girl has ended up in his kitchen. He looks down at her phone as two messages arrive on her screen. One of the messages is from a contact named Matthew Brown. His name sounds familiar but is not as bothersome as the second text. The text is from an unknown number mirroring exactly what he had replied to Will earlier when he had received the text *the wait is almost over*. Hannibal hates to admit that Will has some sort of irrational hold on his normally very calm and calculating mind. Right now is no exception. Without another thought Hannibal leaps across the table pushing Blue hard against the kitchen floor. She gasps but no other signs of fear disrupt her face.

"What have you done with Will!?" Hannibal demands. A glob of spit flies onto Blues cheek. She shivers under his weight but has enough room between them to swipe the phone hoping to call Matthew back and slips it into her back pocket.

"I don't know what your talking about." She says calmly. Trying to push him off of her but failing miserablely. Hannibal has one arm resting across her throat and the other resting on the floor next to the side of her head. He presses down on her throat.

"Don't lie to me. If you know anything about me it would be wise not to be rude. So tell me about will."

"First of all I have done nothing to Will , so don't get all pissy with me. And he's just fine with out you there to ruin his life." Shes testing her luck she knows but she honestly doesn't mind the idea of dying especially for a reason. Hannibal stands up draging Blue up with him by her plaid shirt. Once she's steady on her feet he puts out his hand.

"Give me your phone." The girl just folds her arms and frowns and Hannibal allows pleasant thought of ripping her lungs from her chest enter his mind but decides now is not the time. Killing is so much more fun when Will is there to watch. Hannibal puts his hand around the girls waist pulling the phone out of her back pocket. It is open with a call from Matthew. Screams explode from the receiver.

"Hello, may I speak to Mr. Graham." The worried yells become angry.

"Who the fuck is this?" Screams Matthew but his anger slowly subsides as he realizes who is on the other end. The phone is silently handed to Will.

"Dr. Lecter." A slow smile spreads across his face. Blue stares at him in horror scared only by the shear fact the demon can smile.

"Oh William I have your little friend here. So you should hurry."

"You don't have shit." Blue growls suddenly angry at Hannibal trying to use her to get to Will. Hannibal raises his hand and brings it down across her cheek. The force causes her whole body to twist and she grabs her throbbing cheek blinking away tears.

"Watch your mouth."

"Hannibal stop leave her alone." Will's voice is seirous but is not taken serously.

"Honestly Will if you cared about her at all you would not have sent her to me. Anyways enough talk. Be here in 20 minutes." Hannibal hangs up tossing the phone on the table. He does a quick time check and his meal should be done around the time Will got there. He then turns to Blue who stands with her feet shoulder length apart and her hands clenched at her sides. "Hmm and what should I do with you?"

Bedelia

Bedelia enjoys the way her blue jeans hug her body and the light way her white blouse touches her skin. This isn't her usual attire in fact her whole style has become layed back since she left the states. She brushes her striking blond hair and rolls her thin red lips over one another. The excitement of showing her new friend around reaches her eyes. Bedelia has not come into contact with another female that can speak english since she left the airport. She turns exiting the room and walks down the hallway to the stairs. There is always a pride she feels as she walks down the stairs flawlessly in heels. Suddenly she freezes in the middle of her elegant decent. The sounds of muffled breathing climb up her shoulders like a chill. She does not know the extent of what Hannibal is capable of but is certain that she wants to know. Well that has always been the plan anyway, to find out just what goes on in that dark brain of his. She glides down the stairs then turns the corner to face the door where the labored breathing is coming from. This her last out. She can turn around before the death that seems to surround this man catches on to her. Curiosity kills humans just as often as it kills cats. Bedelia opens the closet to find the blue haired girl sprawled over various drew shirts and under dark colored pressed jackets. Her hands are bound tightly behind her back and lips held shut with blue duct tape. Hannibal's sick since of humor somehow pleases the woman even though she is pissed off that he would bring such a nice girl into this. Bending down she loosens the rope around Blue's bruising wrist. Bedelia now notices the blood dripping from the girls nose and the way her eyes widened.

"What's wrong?" Bedelia asks with a sinking feeling in her stomach. Blue begins to warn her but the message gets lost a against the tape and with her hands still bound losely behind her she can do nothing but watch. Bedelia gasps as a hand quickly reaches around from behind her pressing a white cloth to her lips. Her eyes begin to drop as she has no choice but the breathe in. The last thing she can make out before total darkness is manic laughter.

It's fuzzy when she opens her eyes. She's laying on her back looking up at the ceiling but she's not exactly sure where she is and not exactly sure how long she's been out. She can feel a cold hard board beneath her blouse and coarse rope digging into her ankles and wrists.

"Finally your awake." But she's to tired to know who it came from only that she definitely knew who the voice belonged to. Then she feels a searing pain in the middle of her left thigh. She lets out a moan. More of that laughter and more of that pain until the sawing finally grazes her bone and she pushes her eyelids shut and let's out a scream. "Ahh there we go." Bedelia begins to flail about but its no use. The sharp object is shifted cutting perpendicularly down the other wound till it stops before her knee cap. Two more incisions are made in her flesh until the wound is a perfect square. "Ah, its just like craving a pumpkin, but only more fun!" Two fingers are pressed into one line of the room and Bedelia feels as though she's throwing up red hot coal as her screen echo's of the pale walls. Finger nails scrape her bone and push there way under the gooey flesh. Liquid pours out of her eyes and nostrils and away from her trembling body. Soon the hand gets a hold of the whole square of flesh and rips it from her body like a child would rip a bow off of a present.

Mason

Mason allows a smirk to fall on his face. He knew that putting a tracker in Will's phone would pay off and this time little ole William can't get in his way. Striding up to the new Lecter residence Mason gags at the smell of flowers and stale gasoline.

"You stay here. When that brat William gets here do not let him in." Mason points at his body guard and enters into the thoughtlessly unlocked door. The house is everything he thought it would be. It is unfortunate that a man of such high class would have to to meet his end but then again Mason would not waste he time torturing someone lesser. He walks carefully over the carpet hoping that it will soften his steps. As he approaches the front stairs he sees two red high heeled shoes gracefully stepping down ward. Mason rushes to the adjacent hallway pressing his back firmly against the the wall. The clicking stops and he thinks he's been spotted but when the woman steps to the floor she turns around the corner just before where Mason is standing he lets out a breath. He slips around the corner coming to face the back of the blond woman's head. She is kneeling to help the little Blue haired girl. Mason quickly pulls a damp cloth from his pocket and wraps it around the woman's face. He can't help but laugh at Blue's pathetic face. When Bedelia has finally collapsed to the floor he squeals like his beloved pigs in excitement.

"You know your lucky. Just because you led me straight to Hannibal's home I'll let you go back to dear William without a scratch." Mason throws his head back in laughter." So you might as well make your self useful and move this body." Blue shakes her head finally freeing herself from the ropes and standing to her feet. The blue duct tap still sealing her lips. Suddenly she leaps over the woman's limp body and sprints a way. Whatever, he always knew she was useless. Mason picks up the ropes that Blue left behind and ties them to Bedelia's arms and legs. He begins to drag her down a wide hallway and ends up in the kitchen. Using all his strength he raises her onto the dinning room table. Mason looks timidly around the room for signs of Hannibal. He notices a door slightly ajar and decides that he must go through it to find the man. After picking up a stray pan on the counter Mason opens the door and tip toes down the steps. It leads to some sort of basement and when he reaches the bottom he finds Hannibal bent over a bloody table. Without a second thought he brings the pan up over his head and slams it down into Hannibal's skull. Before the man can react he does this a second time and the notorious killer falls to the floor. Mason has to stop himself from hitting Hannibal third time. He slowly begins dragging the man up stairs. When he gets to the kitchen he uses a noose like rope to suspend hannibal above his kitchen counter in a similarly fasion as to what he had done to him before. Once the rope is secured tightly around Hannibal Mason begins his work with Bedelia. He starts with a few incisions in her leg and pulls a large chunk of flesh from her body. Her screams make him giggle but will soon become annoying. Thankfully, she soon passes out from the pain and loss of blood. He carries her pink dripping flesh around the table to where hannibal is floating. The mush oddly reminded him of a slice of watermelon.

"How do you like raw meat you dumb phony!"Mason shoves the piece of thigh into Hannibal's open mouth. The man moans and nothing more. "You really are phony if you can't eat the flesh directly off your victims like so." Mason pulls down on Hannibal's shirt ripping

the collar. He bends over so that his lips press against Hannibal's smooth skin. He opens his jaw wide taking the warm flesh into his wet mouth and bites down hard pulling his mouths along with large glob of flesh away. Tearing it away from Hannibal's muscular body. Hannibal's eyes shoot open and he growls. Mason leans back thoughtfully chewing. "You know after all the care you take in cooking your meals I would think you'd taste better than this." Hannibal's dark hair falls infront of his face as the blood rolls down his body. He slowly lifts his head up and smiles, but not a something sinister, something you could find on the face of a school boy. Something that does not belong on his face at all. "What are you smiling abo..." Mason didn't want those to be his last words but he didn't have much of a choice. A rope is thrown over his head and pulls tightly around his throat. He opens his mouth wide but no air enters his lungs and his vision starts to blur as the ropes gets tighter and tighter until it finally breaks his neck.

Matthew

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Mason's body guard lays unconscious on the doorstep of Hannibal Lecter's home. Matthew hovers above the limp body letting out a long breath. It was dumb of Will to allow such psychotic prick like Mason to accompany him to Italy but Matthew is guessing it wasn't entirely Will's decision. Matthew can hardly believe that they are actually at the devil's house. He expected something larger more sinister he expected flames and murderous screams and the stench of rotting death, not a cottage, flowers, and the smell of... The smell is out of place on such a cute house but Matthew is pretty sure it is the smell of gasoline. He honestly just wants to finish what Will had ordered him so long ago in the hospital but knows he doesn't deserve a second chance to kill Hannibal. *Man that dude is like a cat. He's sneaky with at least nine lives; he can slip his way out of anything.* Matthew wonders what Will is doing in the house and crosses his fingers for a good out come. He doesn't want Will to die. In fact he doesn't know what he will do if Will does die. Will is his idol, his crush, his love. Even though they stopped dating each other those feelings never went away at least not for Matthew. Matthew knows that Will on the other hand never felt much for him.
Will's feelings are strictly for Hannibal and that's what has Matthew worried. He worries that Will will let his feeling get in the way and won't kill that monster. As much as Matthew hates childish emotions like jealousy he knows has them. He loathes that Will cares about Hannibal and Blue more than he doesn for him. But Blue... Blue is different. It feels as though both Will and Matthew fell in love with Blue instantly. For one she filled the empty role of a daughter the other it was something else. Matthew never felt a strong connection to someone not even Will because they both knew it was a one-sided relationship. Matthew steps over the body and is about to enter the house when someone runs out the door barreling straight into him causing Matthew to fall backwards over the body and onto his back. He looks up to see Blue lying on his chest she jumps to her feet and helps Matthew to his. He immediately begins to remove the duct tape from her face but it's a slow process because he doesn't want to damage her soft skin.

"We have to go." Matthew says his eyes not once leaving her taped lips. Blue pulls away from him and rips the tape from her lips leaving them raw.

"No." She looks a way and rubs her pink tongue over her plump lips. Matthew grabs her arm and pulls her close to him.

"Don't be dumb! You don't have a chance against that monster. Will has to do this alone." She tears herself away from him shocked by his unwilliness to help Will.

"We have to stand by him! Will is our friend! We can't let him die and face his demons alone we have to do something!" Her teeth are clench and her hair falls infront of her eyes making her look wild. Matthew knows exactly how she feels but it's not what Will wants and Matthew honestly can live his whole life without ever seeing Hannibal again.

"You have to listen to me! You know that Will doesn't want you there and I don't want you there. Hell! Your parents don't even want you with the guy who sent them to there bloody deaths." Matthew lets out a long breath and grabs both of Blue's shoulders pulling her towards him until their noses are almost touching. "I.. I don't want you to die." Matthew shuts his eyes and presses his tough lips to her raw ones. Blue gasps. It's been a long time since Matthew has kissed a girl or anyone besides Will. He allows his mouth to rest on hers and feels her sinking into him. Suddenly he remembers the unconscious body laying benath them and pulls away. "Promise me you won't go back into the house." She shakes her head yes and Matthew places his hand on brown cheek. "Then let's go." Matthew slips his calloused hand into her smooth one and they walk away from what would surely be their deaths.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this chapter was satisfying and I should be making up for its length in the next one. I've been working really hard on the next chapter and I'm liking it so far, so all it well. But I want it to be amazing so it may take me a while to complete. Also thank you so much for reading this and leaving lovely comments and kudos. It really brightens my day :)

Will Graham

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At this moment there is no sound, as if the air had been sucked right out the room. A series of emotions flash through both men and neither has any idea what to say. Their eyes swim in one another's for what feels like years. Pink lips slightly open from the intense omen they received from the person who occupies most of their thoughts.

"You're late." Hannibal says confidently still dangling next to kitchen counter.

"You shouldn't be complaining when this is the second time I saved you from Mason Verger." Will's voice is steady, but his mind is as shaky as the sea when it storms. He releases the rope from around Mason's neck allowing his lifeless body to fall to floor with a thud. Will steps over the body never taking his eyes off of the man that completely changed his mundane life.

"I don't think I've ever seen you kill someone. It's quite.... beautiful."Hannibal means every word he says. He has never seen a more gorgeous human being, one with so much contained emotion that only shows through the shattered windows of his eyes.

"Ah, Dr. Lecter I do believe I've seen you hanging like this before and I've decided I like you better in chains." Will takes a step toward Hannibal. He should kill him. He wants to kill him. He needs too. Every cell in his veins, every voice in his head is telling him to end him. Will scans the counter and picks up a large knife lying there. He rolls the hilt over the palm of his hands.

"Do it." Hannibal whispers drool dripping from his teeth. "Dooo ittt." He growls. Will looks at him emotionless but yet so emotional. Hannibal laughs. "It's funny whenever I imagined dying it was only because of you." Will raises his hand and brings it down hard on the rope that suspens Hannibal. Hannibal falls to the ground creating another thud. Will looks down at his hands they're clean but he can feel blood oozing all over them. Hannibal gets up and puts his hand on Will's shoulder. "I knew you'd never..." Will swiftly slashes Hannibals arm with the knife. Hannibal stumbles back a few inches. He blinks twice he is losing his cool, his perfect human suit over his beloved William again. This won't do. Hannibal lunges pushing Will across the kitchen to the opposite wall. The knife Will's holding clatters to the ground. His breath quickens as he scratches his nails against the wall to keep from exploding. Will can feel Hannibal's breath hot on his lips and see the curious creases on his face. "Did you miss me?" Hannibal's eyes look so unaffected so hidden from the pain and something bursts up through Will like a wave crashing over a gate.

"HOW COULD YOU?" Will puts his hands to his face to hide the tears that will surely come. He can not believe he came all this way and he's losing it. "How could you stab Jack, render Alana brain dead and kill Abigail." There's a deadly tone in Will's voice and even though Will is pulling Hannibal closer to him he feels as though he's being pushed farther away. "You are evil. You are the most disgusting and awful thing that dwells on this wretched planet! You deserve nothing more than the most painful death bestowed down upon by Satan!

Or maybe you are The Devil himself because you surely aren't human." Will spits on to Hannibal's lips the words spraying like his shattered hopes.

"What are you going to do about it William? Are you going to kill me or stare at me hoping someone else will like every other time you came at me with a gun?" Hannibal asks calmly as he watches Will's anger boil over. Will pushes Hannibal off him and bends down grabbing the the knife off the floor.

"You know exactly what I'm going to do Dr. Lecter." Will picks up his foot slamming it directly into Hannibal's chest causing him to fall backwards. Will looks down at the startled man. "You make me hate you Hannibal Lecter." Will sits down on top of Hannibal placing his knees on either side of his torso. Will turns the knife over in his hands. "There's a part of me that wants to stab you and keep stabbing you until you're nothing but a bloody pulp, your blood decorating the floor like a nose bleed in the snow. Another part of me the more sinful part wants to..." Will bends down so close to Hannibal that he might as well have been kissing him. "Fillet you and see just how much you taste like the meals you prepared for me." Will opens his jaw wide and brings his teeth down hard on Hannibal's bottom lip. A whimper of surprise and pleasure escape Hannibal's mouth. One of Will's hands is pressed flat against the floor next to Hannibal's face holding him above the man while his other hand clutches the knife between their chests. Hannibal lets out a breath as a smile slips onto his lips. Will releases Hannibal's lip only to lick his long tongue down across the bleeding wound. Then he presses his mouth back against Hannibal's and begins to suck the salty ruby blood. Will sits up again and Hannibal can't help but think how godlike this human looks looming over him with his blood dripping down his perfectly sculpted lips. After all God kills us all. Will can't help but think that this man laying below him is the devil and he has fallen into yet another one of his hellish traps.

"Well that was unexpected... but not unwelcome." Says Hannibal pushing himself up onto his elbows. He licks his lips savoring the remanding taste of Will on his lips. Will sniffs the air. His emotions become too much for him to handle so his attention goes to his stomach.

"I'm hungry. What's for dinner hannibal?" Hannibal grins.

"I thought you'd never ask." The two men stand up and Hannibal pulls out a chair for Will to sit at the table. Hannibal brushes some of the tear stained blond hair away from where he plans to put Will's plate then turns and removes various containers from his oven. He takes in a deep breath. "Ah perfect timing." Hannibal smiles down at the perfectly cooked meat and makes two plates piled with the tender meat. He places one in front of Will then takes his seat across for him. "You know that I have an amazing sense of smell. I know what your planning, Will." Will raises his eyebrows and smiles swallowing the chunks of one of the best meals he has ever had.

"Is that so?" Hannibal stands up and leans over his unconscious psychiatrist lying on the table between them.

"I can't let you do this." Will gets to his feet so that he can look into the eyes of the monster he no longer has the strength to fear.

“But you already have.” This time Will collides his lips with Hannibal’s it’s not for blood. It’s gentle as if he were kissing an infant and not an infamous serial killer. Hannibal’s strong hands grab Will’s head cradling his brown locks. And so the odd pair eat dinner together at Hannibal’s cottage in Italy with a bloody woman breathing in between them on the table. It is the last supper.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter! I've never finished a story this long :O

Bella

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She deserves blood. His blood. Hannibal's. Bella wants him to bleed. She wants him to feel all the pain he's caused but physical pain will never compare to the emotional pain that always follows her like an overly attached dog. *But this will have to do* she thinks, gritting her teeth from the mere thought of that man being free all this time. Bella had never smoked in her life all the way up to when she got lung cancer. Now she's not worried about putting the papery cylinder to her lips because she already has received the consequence of smoking without doing anything to deserve it. She begins to move the contents around in her purse searching for her lighter. A loud sound startles her and she looks up to see Blue laying on top of Matthew. The door to the cottage dangles open. Blue hops up helping Matthew to his feet. Bella watches as they get into some sort of an argument that ends with a kiss. She smiles just happy that someone will be able to be happy when this whole mess is over. The couple walk down the driveway hand in hand then the turn the corner. Bella's heart throbs. Jack. This who she's doing this for. He is the only thing that matters in her life any more. The only reason she has a life, needs one. Because he needs her, now more than ever. Bella walks up to Hannibal's house. Even though the exterior is colorful and intricate all she can see is the ugliness and morbid features of a web of death. Finally her fingers curl around her lighter. She clicks it on bringing it to the tip of her cigarette. Then she pulls her arm back and flings it forward releasing the live lighter onto the house. Bella quickly turns not wanting to watch as the flames mix with gasoline and engulf the house. And then she thinks of the time. All the time Hannibal had taken up in her life changing her average and rather boring life upside down. She hated it and she hated him but she could agree that there was no one more qualified to pass the time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who read this! It honestly means a lot and I would love to hear what you thought about it. I really can't wait for season three :D like literally I'm already hyperventilating. On a side note I'm really excited for this one shot I'm writing about Will, Hannibal, and Winston. Anyways have a lovely day :)

End Notes

I'm really happy if you read this far! :-)
I'd love to read any suggestions or critiques.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!